

Union Village, Washington County;
Friday Morning, Feb. 21. 1851

My Dear Friend / - ^{Let me hear from you to the Care of S. J. May Supreme}
"Thus far into the bowels of
the land" - as Richmond says, I have
penetrated unobscured.

The incidents by the way have been
but few. After our parting, I was
soon at the Station. When there, I
sent Putnam to get three tickets for
Albany - for himself, Sojourner and
me. While he was gone to the office,
I walked leisurely towards the cars,
passing on my way some 8 or 10 men
of an equivocal aspect. Presently,
an Egg passed me, and fell on the
platform. I returned - stood before
these men, and said, "Will the mis-
creant who threw that Egg show
himself, and say, 'I did it.'" All
were dumb. Behind me I heard

Ms. A. 1.3.1.18.2

a voice say, "You ⁽²⁾ had better be quiet." I turned to the person, and said, "Tell those Cowards, and dastard Americans, to be quiet." "I was not speaking to you, Sir," said the person. It was the Superintendent, who, as I afterwards understood, made these men immediately quit the platform. From one end of the route to the other, I was the Star at of all Starers. The chief business of the Conductor seemed to be, to point me out - to spread the news at the Stations - and to lend his passengers the Republican of the day.

^{as I wrote}
Then I saw us on the banks of the Hudson. The scenes of Springfield were forgotten amidst the glorious scenery of America's finest river. "No poetry" I hear you say - "Give us facts - stern, Buffonian facts." I hear, and obey. We changed cars, and got to Troy, - where, Helen was not.

Arrived, a beekfaced man entered our car, and stood near the door, silently surveying the crowd - for we were very full. "Putnam", said I, "who is that?" A Shaker said he, I could swear it by the cut of his Lib". "He might be", said I - cravittly - a huge broad-brimmed - and all the etceteras of the tribe. Presently the Vision spoke, and said, "Is a person of the name of William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, in this car? It was enough. "Putnam", said I, "that man's no Shaker, he's a chip of the Everlasting rock; speak to him. He was friend Wilmer, who had brought his waggon and team to convey us nearly 30 miles to this place. Behold us in our triumphant car. Boxes, bags, buffaloes, broad brim and narrow-brims, all stowed away, and a couple of big horses doing their work in thoroughbred labour ~~and~~ style. We kept the bank of the Hudson for 12 miles.

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'Twas 6. P. M., and I was shaken, and
weary, and exhausted. We halted at
a beautiful Village, with a fall that
made delicious music, and— but
no poetry. See me at the Inn—my
room soon filled with strangers, who
deliberately took possession, and
soon found saliva enough to form
a circle round the stove. I was
~~delivered~~ ^{horror struck, at ten,} by the announcement, that
in the Evening, many more of the
"Citizens" would favour me with
their company!! 'Twas too much.
I rushed up stairs— took off my
things—dived into bed—and by 7,
spoke from under the clothes to
say—"Putnam! convey my thanks
to the "Citizens" for the honor intended,
& say that imperious Nature demands
that I should immediately apply
to her "Sweet Restorer, balmy sleep"
and some panacea for relief.

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The consternation below was great. The "Citizens" came in succession, but finding I was in "the harms of Murphy," went off saying, each as he left a farewell ejaculation of juice behind him: "Well, I guess I'll see him start in the morning." I had 11 hours of bed! Precisely at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven - breakfast having been secured, we were again in our waggon. The Citizens lined the piazza of the Hotel. (!!!) I had already acknowledged, in suitable words, - few, impressive, and Websterian - their merited compliments. - we were off, and the Citizens remained to catch a glimpse of the team, as it turned the corner, and conveyed - perhaps for ever, the illustrious stranger from their view. My rest has ~~restored~~ ^{restored} me. A pretty Irish maid, who had waited upon me (her long coat me 50 cents) had put me in good humors, & I enjoyed the 12 mile drive.

At this village, I was received into the mansion of Mr. Gibbs, a wealthy man. At 11, the Convention organized - Abby Foster spoke & at one there was an adjournment. In the afternoon I spoke an hour and a quarter. In the evening I had all the time, and spoke 2 hours, and more. This morning we recommenced. The place of meeting is a New School, Reformatory, Orthodox Church - recently founded. The building, though not large is neat. All is clean, comfortable, & pleasant to the eye. The Congregations have been good. The people are Seward Whigs, or Gerrit Smithites. I think we shall leave many of them Garrisonians.

Pardon, my dear friends, this incoherent narrative. Let it at least prove, you are not quite forgotten, by
Yours Affectionately, George Thompson